

From the Religions Souvenir for 1839.

I AM FOR PEACE.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

Oh, why should nations, lifted up
By Christian privilege, prepare
For sister realms the bitter cup
Whose dregs are sorrow and despair!
At empty Honor's larum wake
Force that for Right could never fail,
For fancied insult, vengeance take,
And *duel* on a larger scale!

Just God! this is not in thy plan;
The monstrous dogma's not from Thee,
That what is wrong from man to man,
In governments may venial be.
Thou ever dost transgression hate
In highest, as in humblest place,—
Nor will its penalty abate
From parliament or populace.

I loathe it all! and when I see
Gay, gladsome warriors trooping by,
With glancing steel, and bravery
Of trump and drum, I can but sigh
That men, like children, ever seem
Still pleased and flattered with a straw,
And for fame's splendid, empty dream
Will court the crimes and curse of War!

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN AUTHORS.

HAYDN.—Frederick II.'s first music-master was Haydn, organist of the cathedral. He had taught him to play on the piano, and Frederick was sincerely attached to him. Haydn had a son whom Frederick, on his accession, installed in the office of receiver of the excises at Rapia. This scion of the great emperor contracted debts, and even went so far as to appropriate to his own use the public money he, in virtue of his office, was in the habit of receiving. The king, on hearing this, sent for the father; the poor man trembled with anxiety and fear, and expected to be greeted with reproaches and angry remarks. The monarch, however, received him most graciously, inquiring after his health, whether he had composed any new opera, etc. At length, he said: "By-the-bye, I understand your son does not behave himself as he should. I see, the lad is not fit for the post; I will give him another directly; but tell him to be more on his guard." Haydn was so astonished at this act of generosity, that, on reaching his apartment, he pulled off his wig, threw it to the other end of the room, and, running after it, cried: "Never was there such a king!—Long live the king!"

RAPHAEL.—Raphael had sense enough not to be offended at any remarks made on his works, but he liked them to be rational and in place. Two cardinals one day found fault with the complexions given to Peter and Paul in a picture, saying they were too red. "Gentlemen," answered the painter, with an air of extreme wonder, "and does that excite your surprise? don't you see that this redness you complain of proceeds from the unspeakable joy they experience at seeing the church so admirably governed? I have painted them such as they are in heaven!"

FREDERICK II.—A page who had not been long in his majesty's service, one morning early made his appearance in the king's chamber, he had been ordered to wake him at that hour. "Your majesty," said he, "it is time to get up."—"Oh! I am so tired," replied the king, "wait a little longer."—"Your majesty ordered me to wake you early."—"Only quarter of an hour more, and then I will rise," said the sleepy monarch. "No, sire, not a minute! and you must get up."—"Well done!" cried Frederick, leaping off the bed, "you are a fine fellow! That's the way to do your duty!" At the close of the seven years' war, Frederick, in company with his brother Henry, made a progress through Silesia. They visited, amongst other places, a convent for men. The prior, as a particular favour, begged permission to take young novices. The king graciously granted it, but, turning to his brother, he said in French, a language he did not suppose the prior to be conversant with, "We will send him a pair of donkeys; I have a couple of very fine ones."—"I am exceedingly obliged to you," observed the prior, with inimitable coolness, "and my first duty will be to christen them Frederick and Henry."

BUFFON.—Buffon never had any of his works sent to the press without first submitting the manuscript to Montbelliard. This gentleman, on returning him his "Epoques de la Nature," wrote on the paper which enclosed them, "I have discovered another epoch, my illustrious friend!"—"That is their way," cried Buffon, with disappointment, "they have no feeling, no sympathy—each one more ill-natured than the other—never speak, but when it is too late—that's not kindness—" and angrily tearing off the envelope, he discovered a slip of paper, on which was written four lines of poetry, to the purport, that to all admirers of Nature, the day that brought Buffon into the world, must be a new epoch.

HENRY IV.—A Spanish ambassador once asked this monarch,

which of his ministers he considered the best, that he might treat with him. The King immediately sent for his Chancellor, Mr. Villeroy, and Sully, saying he would let him judge for himself. Then questioning them severally, he said to the Chancellor; pointing at the same time to some cracks in the floor, "Do you not think, Monsieur le Chancelier, that this house is not safe? I mean to move directly, and repair to Fontainebleau."—"Sire," answered the Chancellor, "you cannot do better; this building is in a tottering state, and your Majesty is in danger." Mr. de Villeroy came next, and the king having made the same observation to him: "Sire," said he, "were it not best to consult the architects first?" And then came Sully's turn; he carefully inspected the cracks, stamped on the floor, and made several other experiments, after which, he said: "I see nothing here to alarm your Majesty—this building will outlive us all." Having then dismissed them, he said to the ambassador: "You now know my three ministers; the Chancellor says anything I please; Mr. de Villeroy says nothing at all; and Sully tells me what he thinks, and he always thinks rightly."

HENRY IV. had made a written promise to the Marchioness of Verneuil to espouse her. Before, however, placing it in her hands, he submitted it to Sully, asking him his opinion. Sully at once tore the paper to pieces, and appeared incapable of expressing his feelings on the subject. "Are you mad?" said Henry.—"I wish," replied his faithful minister, "I were the only fool in France."

MESMER.—This celebrated magnetizer once boasted of having it in his power to render a whole herd of cattle immovable. "I really believe you," observed a certain Abbe L—, "I don't in the least doubt but that you have all power over the stupid and irrational part of the creation."

LOUIS XVI.—"And what do you think of the three last reigns?—you have lived in all three of them," said the king to the Duke of Richelieu.—"Sire, under Louis XIV., no one durst speak; in Louis XV.'s reign people spoke in an under tone, and under your Majesty every one speaks as loud as he pleases."

VOLTAIRE.—Voltaire used frequently to say to his publishers: "I beg you will not print more of my works than you can help—the greater the load, the more difficulty I shall have in reaching posterity." The philosopher was incessantly troubled with authors, who submitted their works to his examination. On one occasion, his opinion having been rather haughtily required, he returned the book, passing his pen over the three last letters of the word "Finis."

MARSHAL SAXE.—"Here's peace concluded," said the marshal; "we shall now be laid aside and forgotten—---we are like cloaks—only wanted in rough weather."

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS.—The death of this infamous queen, was adverted to in the following manner, by a country preacher:—"Catherine is dead—it is now a question whether the Catholic church ought to pray for her. You may, however, risk a Pater and an Ave, it can do no harm, however little the chance may be that it stands of doing her any good."

LOUIS XIV.—The Grand Monarch once said to one of his courtiers, whose simplicity he was well aware of:—"Do you know Spanish?"—"No, sire."—"I am very sorry for it."—"I will learn it," replied the courtier, whose imagination was immediately fired with the thought of the possibility, that he might be appointed ambassador to the Spanish court. He accordingly applied himself with the utmost assiduity to his task, and in a short time again presented himself to the king; "Sire," said he, "I now know Spanish well, and can talk and read it with ease."—"Indeed," answered Louis, "I am very glad of that—you can now read Don Quixote in the original." H. N.

ODDS AND ENDS.

PERNICIOUS MODE OF CORRECTION.—His only form of control was irony—of all coercions the most hardening to the mind of youth.—*Heir of Selwood.*

REAL DEGRADATION, distinguished from conventional equivocation, is a lower and meaner thing than the lowest of callings. A falsehood returns sooner or later to the bosom of him who utters it, like a viper flung into his face.—*Ibid.*

THE TABLE ON WHICH BONAPARTE SIGNED HIS ABDICATION.—The Palace of Fontainebleau is not without interest in recent times. It was the prison of Charles IV., and of Pope Pius VII., who was confined here from June, 1812, to January, 1814. It was here the sovereign Pontiff was insulted by Bonaparte, and here Bonaparte himself resigned his sovereignty. His abdication was written on a small round table; and to commemorate the event, the Duc d'Angouleme caused an oval brass plate to be engraved, and inlaid on the top of the pillar of the table, with this inscription:—"Le cinq d'Avril dixhuit cent quatorze, Napoleon Bonaparte, signe son abdication sur cette table dans le Cabinet de travail du Roi, le 2ème apres la chambre a coucher, a Fontainebleau." That the top of the table might not be changed by separating it from the stand, or its identity rendered

doubtful, the Prince at the same time affixed a seal of the royal arms, to the underneath part of the table itself.

THE MAMMOTH.—The mighty mammoth of antediluvian world once roamed in the vicinity of the great cataract of Niagara. A correspondent of the *Boston Mercantile Journal* writes that the workmen employed in making an excavation at the termination of the Buffalo and Niagara Falls Railroad, found imbedded in the earth, at the depth of thirteen feet from the surface, a large tooth, 4 5/8 inches from front to rear, 3 3/8 inches across from side to side, and about 5 inches in depth from the point of insertion into the gum to the crown. It is in beautiful preservation, and is one of the grinders of the mastodon. The same flood which broke up the bed of the river and made the falls, was that, probably, in which this quadruped perished.

A COURTLY HINT.—One day at the levee of Louis the Fourteenth, that monarch asked a nobleman present, "How many children have you?"—"Four, sire." Shortly afterward, the king asked the same question. "Four, sire," replied the nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the king, in course of conversation, and the same answer given. At length, the king asked once more, "How many children have you?" the nobleman replied, "Six, sire."—"What!" cried the king, with surprise, "six! you told me four just now!"—"Sire," replied the courtier, "I thought your majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

PIN MONEY.—Pins were in early times, acceptable new year's gifts to the ladies, instead of the wooden skewers which they used until the end of the fifteenth century. Sometimes they received a compensation in money, and hence allowances for their separate use is still denominated "pin-money."

Money is an article not very plentiful in Spain, (observes a modern traveller,) but, happily for the country, the necessaries of life are cheap and abundant, while the spirits of the people have not lost any of their former gaiety. There are, in every part of Spain, companies of strolling players; and, as the means of the inhabitants of many of the towns and villages are not very abundant, the admittance is paid for in provisions, and taken at the door like checks from the ticket office. The boxes are paid for in bread or in meat, and the other parts of the house are free for an adequate consideration in vegetables. A box for the evening is let at the rate of two pounds of fresh meat, and the orchestra at half a pound; while the pit is passed by turnips, lettuce, and cabbage; and the rest of the house at a more qualified ratio. By this means the players and musicians are fed and supported.

The following anecdote appeared a short time since in an American paper:—Clem and Dinah went to a magistrate in Virginia to be married. Clem asked the magistrate his price. "It is," said he, "two dollars for marrying coloured people." Clem asked how much he had to marry white people; "Five dollars," replied the magistrate. "Well," said Clem, "you marry Dinah and I as you do, white people, and I will give you five dollars." After the ceremony, the magistrate demanded his fee; but Clem objected to the payment, saying, "Oh no, massa, you no come up to de agreement—you no kiss de bride;" at which the magistrate said in a rage, "get out of my office, you rascal;" so Clem got married for nothing.

The effigy of King John in Worcester Cathedral, which, by the examination of the body of the monarch, was proved to present a facsimile of the royal robes in which he was interred, affords us a fine specimen of the royal costume of the period. A full robe, or super tunic of crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and descended to the mid-leg, is girdled round the waist with a golden belt studded with jewels, having a long end pendent in front. An under tunic of cloth of gold descends to the ankles, and a mantle of the same magnificent stuff, lined with green silk, depends from the shoulders; the hose are red, the shoes black, over which are fastened gilt spurs, by straps of silk, or cloth, of a light blue colour, striped with green or yellow, or gold. The collar and sleeves of the super tunic have borders of gold studded with jewels.—*Pictorial Shakespeare.*

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